

Good Morning 391

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Capt. Frank H. Shaw Lams Out for the Old Salt;

"Stick-and-String" built Men!

THE modern, realistic school asks: Why learn about flintlocks and bows and arrows when there are Tommy-guns and Plats? To-day's seamen consider stick-and-string as grey-goose feathers. Why fill your brains with a lot of useless lore that won't ever help you in the future? If a modern steamer breaks down, she hasn't any sails, anyway, so what's the good of knowing how to use them?

As a sail-trained man, I contend there was still is—a lot of value in such an apprenticeship. That is why I hope that in the new "Red Ensign Dartmouths" that are being started in Britain to educate youngsters in the trade of the sea, a certain amount of time will be devoted to tuition in rope and canvas.

× × ×

NINE hundred and ninety-nine steamships might pursue their ways from launching to scrapping without a single engine-room breakdown; but the thousandth freighter might well twist off her propeller or snap her tail shaft in a remote and lonely ocean; and be as helpless as a log until some salving full-powered ship comes along to lend a hand.

I know a shipmaster to whom this very disaster happened; down the Easting—stretching from Good Hope to Cape Leeu—lost his propeller. Kipling says of the loneliness of the Easting: "There's time enough to weld your shaft; ay, eat it, ere ye're spoke!" The set of wind and current shifts a helpless hulk down to the Antarctic ice, where she is likely to be locked in for all time.

The New Zealand S.S. Co's. "Waikato" went adrift down there on account of a broken tail-shaft. It was six months before she was sighted by a chance whaler, which reported her. When the searching cruiser found her her passengers and crew were starving, both cold and hunger.

But my friend—sail-trained—didn't drift. He had four pole masts and abundant cargo-derricks. He rigged the

derricks across the masts. He made a suit of workable sails out of awnings, tarpaulins and what have you? Sails of the Sarah's shimmy variety, may be, but they held the wind, and enabled him to sail four thousand miles; not to the nearest port of refuge but to his port of discharge. And when he sighted the port the tugs came hurrying, hoping for fat pickings. "Broken-down steamer—double rates!" the tugster's clamoured.

"That be-damned for a yarn; sailing-ship—half rates!" answered the shipmaster, and won his point. Without sail-training he might still be frozen-in to the Antarctic continent, or be

like Clark Russel's "Frozen Pirate"—locked fast in a giant iceberg.

Sail-training taught "knackiness." We had a special expression for it: "It taught a man to know his earhole from break-fast-time." It helped him to make-shift when emergency happened along. It taught him watchfulness; and, too, after witnessing the staunch, desperate fight of a windjammer against the ruthless weight of a typhoon, say, it taught him how men and ships need never give up hope.

I don't say that a course of windjammer life taught a higher courage than does a steamer—this present war has

plainly shown that it did not, for there is hardly any type of courage to equal that displayed by Red Ensign men to-day; but it did help him to bear up against what appeared to be overwhelming odds, and to go on hoping, even when hope seemed dead.

It kept him physically fit, too; for there is no exercise to equal that of fighting your way aloft to the topgallant yard in a screaming gale, or dodging big seas en route from galley to fo'c'sle. It taught him the real meaning of that good old maxim: One hand for yourself, one hand for the owners; in other words—how to hang on for dear life and complete an honest job of work at the same time.

It tutored the beginner in how to handle small boats in the heaviest of seaways. It taught a Cunard Commodore how to sail his broken-down liner to safe port when his engines gave out. I know that Commodore, and if he hadn't known windjammer ways, he would have entered his command in the Port of Missing Ships rather than in Boston, U.S.A.

Sail-training schooled men in lots of ways that steamers can never do. Even to-day it is useful to know how to handle a marline-spike as well as a paint-brush. You never know when a cargo-fall is going to carry away and delay unload until a new one is procured; whereas an accomplished man can long-splice the wire in next to no time.

But perhaps the chief value of the stick-and-string upbringing was that it taught men liveliness, the ability to think quickly and to act as soon as the thought took shape. It also gave every member of the crew a personal interest in the behaviour of his ship; he knew that his individual work was helping to make such a ship a going concern.

In steamers men specialise a lot; they have their particular jobs to perform; a lamp-trimmer tends the lamps, etc.; and the embryo officers learn more about ringing telegraphs than how to take care of ships labouring in heavy weather.

It is really the engineers who run the ships of to-day, not the deck executive; THEIR work is mostly to keep the vessel spick and span—charwoman's tasks! Sailing ships taught team work; we learnt how to blend our efforts to make a comprehensive whole.

If a modern seaman observes his ship winning through a stiff cyclone, he cannot say: "That lick of paint I put on the funnel-top helped to win this fight!" Or, if he says it, it is with his tongue in his cheek. Whereas, an old-time shellback, watching his windjammer riding a heavens-hard storm can truthfully say: "That roband I tied into the head of that main-top-sail is holding the sail, and keeping the ship ahead of the following seas!"

And that is why I hope the new educational scheme will embrace the elements of sail-training. Besides—who knows?—the world's fuel supplies might peter out one of these days, and ocean transport be required to carry on again as it did for thousands of years—by sail alone. Put a sail-trained man aboard a steamer and he can run her satisfactorily. Put a steam-trained man in a windjammer, and he has to learn his seagoing trade all over again.

Here's Your Own Pin-up L/S H. Malcolm Kirk; and Hazel sends you all her love to-day



THE happiest girl in the world is the fiancée of Leading Seaman Henry Malcolm Kirk, of Gillibrand-avenue, Chorley, Lancs—and she ought to be!

Apart from being the one and only as far as this handsome undersea sailor is concerned, she has a job that makes the mouths of all her friends water at the very thought of it.

Pretty, blonde, eighteen-year-old Hazel Porter is manageress of one of Chorley's exclusive hat emporiums (that should really be emporia, but who cares!)—and she tries on all the latest models to her heart's content.

"Good Morning's" photographer, Bill, got these pin-up pictures for you, Malcolm, as Hazel tried on a black straw with bunched veil, and the latest line in snappy sailors.

Now, there is more than meets the eye in this sailor number. Hazel is thinking of enrolling for the W.R.N.S., and she's putting in all her spare time praying in the hope that, if she does, she'll get drafted to your submarine depot.

The idea of being a fully-blown Wren simply tickles her pink.

We know Malcolm won't be jealous when we tell him that his fiancée is a very lovely and a very charming young lady.

Hazel sends you her best love, Malcolm.

SHORT ODD—BUT TRUE

The four chief orders of friars are the Franciscans or Grey Friars, the Dominicans or Black Friars, the Carmelites or White Friars, and the Augustinians or Austin Friars. There used to be in England an order known as the Crutched Friars, so called from the cross or crutch they wore.

Before the introduction of plate-armour, soldiers used to wear the gambeson, a protective garment, reaching from the neck to the knees, of leather or padded material.

Mendana, the Spanish discoverer, gave the Solomon Islands that name to attract settlers, but they do not possess the gold and diamonds the name implies.

There's not much real difference between fog and cloud. Huxley put it in this way: "A fog is a cloud resting on the earth; a cloud is a fog floating high in the air."

During droughts there is food rationing in Somaliland. The family chief has his back slashed when he draws rations, and cannot draw more till the wound is healed.

The first English Field-Marshal was created in 1736, when John, Duke of Argyll, had the title conferred upon him by George II.

There are two forms of flageolet, the wood-wind musical instrument, one playing on single notes, and the other a double flageolet, producing double notes and played by one mouth-piece.

The "doctrine of the double procession" is that part of the Nicene Creed which proclaims that the Holy Ghost emanates jointly from Father and Son. It is rejected in the Greek Church. The proper name for the doctrine is Filioque.

An odd story about the origin of the place-name Calcutta tells how a ship's captain in 1690 asked a Hindu cutting grass, "What's the name of this place?" The Hindu, not knowing English, replied "Kal Kut-ta," meaning that he started to cut the grass yesterday.

Lack of iodine in drinking water is said to have produced the cretin, or mentally defective person, by causing a deficiency of thyroid secretion. Cretins were at one time quite common in Switzerland.

Conger-eels can bark.

Old, but still true: "If ever England should be so circumstanced as to require need of an ally, cursed be the Italian who would not step forward in her defence."—(Garibaldi, Liberator of Italy, in 1854.)

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

The Mysterious Mr. Yates

PART 6

I WAS standing in the shadow of the gateway across the road when Yates' messenger arrived, for my wild idea was to follow him. But as I waited that task did not seem quite so simple as it had done at first. If the man came in a taxi or a car I realised that I was sunk.

I pondered Yates as I waited, and tried to reason out the working of his mind. Undoubtedly he feared that ring of his might identify him, therefore he had to take a chance to recover it at once. But clearly he was afraid to take the chance of coming back for it himself. That implied that he feared I might have discovered the ransacking of my room and that he was already suspected. So he was sending a messenger; probably a perfectly innocent agent who if he were detained by the police could not incriminate Yates.

But the messenger would have to hand the ring over to Yates somewhere. My mind went to cases of which I had read, of innocent messengers sent on criminal missions, to cash forged cheques or stolen notes. They, as I recalled, generally were caught handing over the money in the street or some public house bar. That is probably what would happen now. I should have to be devilish careful for Yates would be on the look out for anyone who might be shadowing his messenger, and he would recognise me. Then suddenly I realised that the messenger had arrived.

I saw him walking slowly along looking at the numbers of the houses, then ascending the steps of number eleven. When the door opened I concentrated on the messenger and that was a pretty unproductive task.

A nondescript sort of man of middle height and medium build in a raincoat and soft hat there was nothing distinctive about him. Pollard seemed to have a lot to say and presently the man entered and I could see him leaning over the hall table writing.

I was puzzled at the moment but Pollard told me later he was taking a receipt for the ring. There was a friendly "Good night," my man emerged and turned back the way he had come and I moved after him.

His behaviour confirmed my theory: he acted like an honest man. He never looked back nor hesitated at the corner. He walked slowly, with a slight limp and I had no difficulty in following him unobserved. He made his way through the maze of quiet streets, and we had been going some five minutes before he hesitated; then he stood under a corner lamp as if uncertain of his way, and crossed to my side.

I slackened pace and stopped to light a cigarette. When I looked up he was turning the next corner. I hurried, and came upon him unexpectedly just around the corner. He was asking in an educated voice of a passer-by to be directed to Gloucester Road Station. I hurried past, my head averted, pleased that I knew his first destination. That simplified matters; the station was quite close by.

Fifty or sixty yards on I glanced back. My man had crossed the road again as he should do to reach the station. I let him get ahead of me and crossed too. A car came along as I reached the opposite pavement passed and pulled up suddenly. A couple of seconds later I knew I was defeated. The man slid into it. It started away with unusual acceleration, and I was left alone in the deserted street, to realise that my man was not the simple, honest messenger I had believed.

A little later I thought of something that made my failure

seem the more complete. The casual passer-by of whom the messenger enquired his way was probably Yates himself. I had actually been led to him and had deliberately averted my head as I passed. It was infuriating. As I anticipated, Yates did not return that night. Pollard told me when I asked him casually about him as he was seeing me off. Pollard put it down to a night out and reckoned he'd be back soon. But I didn't. I had failed completely. Yet I found later that I had not entirely wasted my time.

I WAS waiting miserably in the Club House when Jervis came in with a friend whom he introduced as John Corby, a son of the doctor who had given evidence at the inquest.

I found John Corby a remarkably interesting man. If his rather hearty manner was a bit heavy, his brain was unusually astute. We talked India most of the time, and he knew a damned sight more about conditions there than I did though he vowed he'd never set foot in Asia.

He questioned me about working conditions, and pleased me by agreeing with many of my own pet theories. I was sorry when he looked at his watch and said: "Here, I must be getting off." He put out his hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Harborough, I've enjoyed our talk."

Jervis said with an odd chuckle: "Well, what do you think of England's future Prime Minister?" "Who? Corby?" I asked.

"Yes. You know who he is, don't you?"

I looked at him vaguely.

"Never heard of Cameron-Corby—"

"Good lord," I broke in. "He's not Cameron-Corby?"

"Yes. And likely to be leader of the party before long."

"But—but—" I stammered, for it had come to me why his face was familiar. I took little interest in politics, but at least I had heard of Cameron-Corby. His photograph was always in the papers. One of the youngest of K.C.s, he had a reputation of being one of the most brilliant men at the Bar.

"I've known John all my life," said Jervis. "We went to the same Prep. School. A bit pompous, but damned clever."

"And he is Doctor Corby's son?" I queried incredulously.

"Yes. And the apple of the old boy's eye."

Jervis talked on easily while we had tea. I knew he was doing it deliberately to put me at my ease and give me confidence in myself again, and I was grateful.

He mentioned a younger son Ivor, who had turned out a waster, whom his father had always disliked as much as he adored John, and an unmarried daughter who kept house for the old man and couldn't stand John

Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

whom she considered a prig. It seemed an unhappy household, I said, and Jervis agreed.

"But it was a damned sight worse when Ivor was alive," he added. "He and his father used to have ghastly scenes." Ivor, he hinted, had disappeared suddenly some years before, because he had got into some nasty trouble, and died abroad.

Then he started telling me about the Club House, and wisely never mentioned a word of my own affairs. I felt much better when at last we left; I didn't even want to glare at people who eyed us as we passed through the room. I even returned Beth Lockwood's slow smile which seemed to include me when she waved to Jervis from a distant table.

Then Jervis made one of his topical remarks.

"Eighty fifty's about what the estate will amount to; I've had a busy morning with the bank manager," he said.

This sudden coming back to earth fretted me.

"I don't care a damn what it amounts to," I replied irritably. "I don't want a penny of the blasted money."

"Maybe. Maybe," Jervis retorted, pulling out his cigarette-case. "But it's a point. A man like you is not likely to knock his uncle on the head for eight fifty. Odds too short. Even the police will see that."

"Oh, curse the police," I exclaimed.

"That's the spirit," Jervis said with a smile.

CONFUSING and irritating, at times, as Arnold Jervis' odd way of talking business might be, he managed to convey a devil of a lot of information in a very few words. Before we reached the Beach Path, I had learned a good deal about my uncle's affairs.

He had had an annuity, which the bank collected, of four hundred a year. That died with him, of course. He had a balance of two hundred and seventy pounds odd at the bank, had never paid a penny into his account since he had opened it three years before, and except for a monthly cheque to "Self," generally of twenty-five pounds, had hardly drawn a dozen in the time. Eastwinds, Jervis reckoned, might fetch six hundred pounds, its contents fifty.

"That's your legacy," he said. I made no answer.

Then as he signed to me to pull up by a little house overlooking the sea he said cryptically: "Mystery man Number One."

They were comfortable quarters

he had found for me: bedroom and sitting-room on the first floor. A thin, wiry man came out to meet us. He addressed Jervis as "Mr. Arnold," and Jervis called him Moon. Grey-haired Mrs. Moon, even thinner and more wiry than her husband, told me later that she had been cook in Jervis' father's house for years, and her husband his gamekeeper.

Then he led me to a pleasant sitting-room with a magnificent view, and said, as I looked out, pointing to a cottage adjoining: "Beth Lockwood lives there. What had Sibton got to say?"

I hadn't seen Mathew Sibton. They had told me he was away on a cruise.

Jervis' first comment was: "That's a bit of luck. Moon will have to fix it."

"Fix what?" I asked.

"New locks and bolts on the bungalow doors and windows."

He went out of the room, and was away for a couple of minutes while I tried to work out what he meant.

"That's all right," he said when he returned. "Yates won't find it so easy this time."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Sorry," he said. "I thought you'd have jumped to it. Yates, he's the chap who took your uncle's papers. But—he didn't find what he wanted. Evidently thought your uncle had given the what-ever-it-is to you and had a go through your belongings. Didn't find it there, and it's odds on he'll go back and have another search of the bungalow."

"But surely, if you think that, oughtn't we to tell the police? They'd catch Yates," I said.

"We don't want Yates caught yet," answered Jarvis. "He'd be no use to us doing a sentence in gaol for breaking and entering. Yates is a good bit of luck. Yates is the man who knows why your uncle was killed."

"But surely we ought to try to identify him," I protested.

"We'll identify him," Jervis said in his confident way. "As a matter of fact I know a lot."

I asked eagerly, "Who is he?" Jervis clasped his hands behind his head and gazed out at the grey sea.

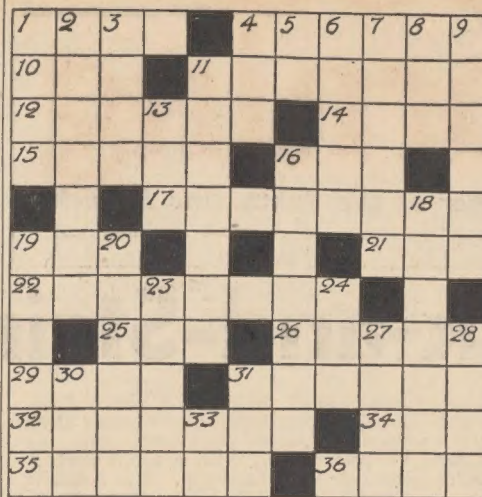
"You've seen him, your man Pollard has seen him," he said. "You think he's the chap who went through your kit. I think he's the chap who went through Eastwinds. I think he knows who did in your uncle and why. How did Mace know your address in London?" Jervis turned and faced me.

"I don't know. I never thought of it before," I said after a moment. "That's damned curious." I was puzzled. "I wired my uncle," I went on. "I may have mentioned it to him at dinner; I can't remember."

"Your uncle was dead," Jervis put in grimly.

"But surely the police have ways of finding out these things," I said vaguely.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Place.
- 4 Fish.
- 10 Padding lump.
- 11 Of fancy clipping.
- 12 Boy's name.
- 14 Break with hammer.
- 15 Shallow vessel.
- 16 Nourished.
- 17 Sailors.
- 19 Procure.
- 21 Speck.
- 22 Set adrift.
- 25 Beam.
- 26 Beam's name.
- 29 Play parts.
- 31 Desire keenly.
- 32 Indisposition.
- 34 Row.
- 35 Little fish.
- 36 Water bird.

DEBITED FOD
OXEN NATIVE
GIG NUMERAL
LOWER N LO
MEN GEESE V
OSTER VERVE
V ALONE ROD
AB E INLAY
BRACKET TAP
LACTIC HUGO
EYE DEFADED

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Mop.
- 2 Nostrum.
- 3 Variance.
- 4 Scythe.
- 5 Erect.
- 6 Compare.
- 7 Put ashore.
- 8 Age.
- 9 Office worker.
- 11 Occupation.
- 13 Border.
- 16 Artfulness.
- 18 Big Argentine town.
- 19 Shines.
- 20 Marine reptile.
- 23 With a twang.
- 24 Sheep-wash.
- 27 Bathing place.
- 28 Made to go.
- 30 English river.
- 31 Animal.
- 33 Pronoun.

"They must have," he said, turning back to the window.

Jervis took no heed of me. He swung round and began to pace the room slowly, jerking out sentences that seemed so irrelevant but in fact conveyed so much.

He had been worrying out the Yates problem, and his view was that Yates had followed me to London, seen me leave my car, then rifled my bag. Having found nothing, he went on to my rooms and did his job there.

Then Jervis said: "Your man Pollard. Can you make contact with him?"

"Easily," I said. "I've left some of my heavy luggage there. Why?"

"They'll find shingle in Yates' bag when they open it—Oldford shingle. But I want to be sure," Jervis said. "Unless Yates went back for it, and saw you clear off this morning. Might have done. A cool gentleman, our Mr. Yates."

That didn't seem as important to me as to know how Yates had discovered my rooms. He hadn't followed me there, and he had known the address when he telephoned the day before. I put that to Jervis.

"I'll ask Burton," he said.

"Burton?" I queried vacantly.

"The Chief Constable. I'm dining with him to-night at my revered father's house. I got the old man to invite him. Nice chap, Burton: we shoot together. No reason why he shouldn't tell me."

"You mean about Yates?" I said.

"Good lord, no. Ask him how Mace knew. It'll be the same answer."

"What?" I demanded.

"Mrs. Long. You must have mentioned it to your uncle over dinner. I'll lay odds Mace got it from her. Sanctimonious humbug. She didn't listen to conversations, didn't she? Bilge! Just the sort of long-eared woman to listen to everything. But the point is whom else did she tell?"

The man had a curious effect on me when I was with him. Always he gave me a sense of confidence and of knowing a damned sight more than he told me. And, I preferred to live in a fool's paradise to the hell which was its alternative.

(To be continued)

When in the darkest depths
the miner striving,
Feels in his arms the
vigour of the Lord,
Strikes for a Kingdom and
his King's arriving,
Holding his pick more
splendid than the sword.
G. A. Studdert-
Kennedy (1883-1929).

But the waiting time, my
brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.
Sarah Doudney
(1843-1926).

QUIZ for today

1. A seabundy is a picnic, drink, Indian soldier, Dutch ship, Russian doctor, dance, Irish hat?
2. Who wrote (a) Grand Hotel, (b) Grand Babylon Hotel?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Of, To, But, From, On, By, Under, Over.
4. What English county has the white rose for its emblem?
5. What is the name of the famous volcano in Iceland?
6. Was Queen Elizabeth a Protestant or a Catholic?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Minatory, Minaret, Mimosa, Missalliance, Mitigate, Mitre.
8. When is the next Leap Year?
9. Who did Bing Crosby marry?
10. In what country is Suez?
11. How many yards are there in a perch?
12. Name four English counties beginning with C.

Answers to Quiz in No. 390

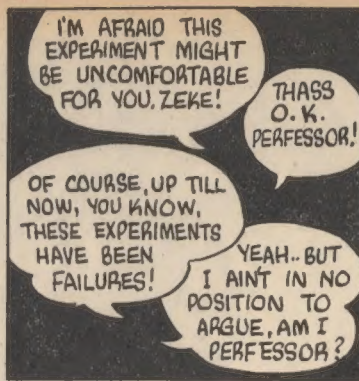
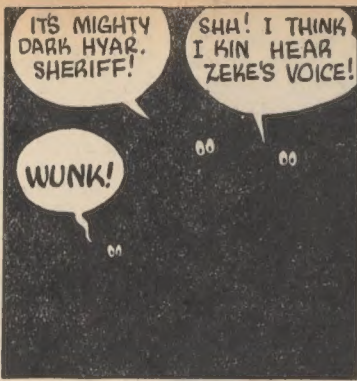
1. Plant.
2. (a) Kipling, (b) G. K. Chesterton.
3. Arcturus is a star; others are planets.
4. Lemuel.
5. Swiss.
6. England.
7. Sediment, Seizure.
8. 1,200 miles.
9. 30.
10. Greece.
11. Put it in a cage. (A paddy-melon is an animal.)
12. St. Paul.

Answers to Mixed Doubles in S 65.)

- (a) SAYING & REMARK.
- (b) EASY & DIFFICULT.



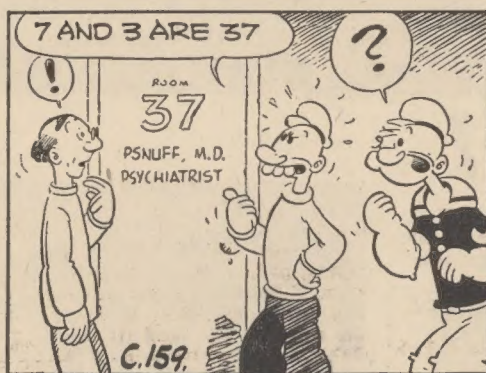
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Half-Pint Casanova

By Peter Davis

ALL the nice girls love a sailor—but there's an idea around that a six-footer comes better off ashore than a shorty.

Here's the contradiction. Meet Sir Jeffery Hudson, knight of King Charles's day, duellist, adventurer, and authority on amour. He conquered many women.

He terrorised husbands, fought pirates and Puritans, and he packed a lot into a little life. He was exactly 18 inches high.

Perfectly proportioned, Jeff made the best of his height. He stood more chances than most when unexpected lovers or rival husbands showed up. Once he was thrust beneath the voluminous skirts of his lady friend and kept there till the unsuspecting spouse departed.

First discovered in Rutlandshire by the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, he made his social bow at a banquet given for Charles I and his queen.

Up to the table came a cold-baked pie—and out stepped Jeff with a sweeping bow! The queen was delighted—in fact, rumours still survive that she became his first conquest. In those days it was common for dwarfs to be Court favourites. They were flung from one guest to another at dinners. Not so Jeff, who was matched against turkey—cocks—and strangled 'em!—and soon acted as a keyhole-size King's spy.

When a King's Messenger was wanted to visit the French Regent, Marie de Medici, Jeffery obliged. The gifts with which the ladies loaded him would at any rate have made him a rich man.

Then Jeff had a Dunkirk. Just off that port his ship was boarded by Flemish pirates, and the gifts, after he had pinked seven of his opponents, went into ransom.

This was the first of many fighting adventures for this amazing little man.

He volunteered with the Dutch in their war for independence against the Spaniards. He returned and was knighted. Women fought for his attention.

Once he quarrelled over a girl with a younger brother of Lord Crofts and a duel was arranged. It would have been one of those polite affairs in which both parties shoot into the air and then make up, but Crofts despised the midget and showed up with a squirt gun.

Nobody was going to do that to Sir Jeffery. White with rage, he insisted on a duel fought to the finish—and Crofts was shot dead. Jeff went to prison for that. Then he went abroad, and once again ran into pirates. Escape for such a little 'un was easy. The second time, he was taken by the Turks to the Barbary States and sold into slavery to the Moors. It was eight years before his friends in England heard of him and bought him out.

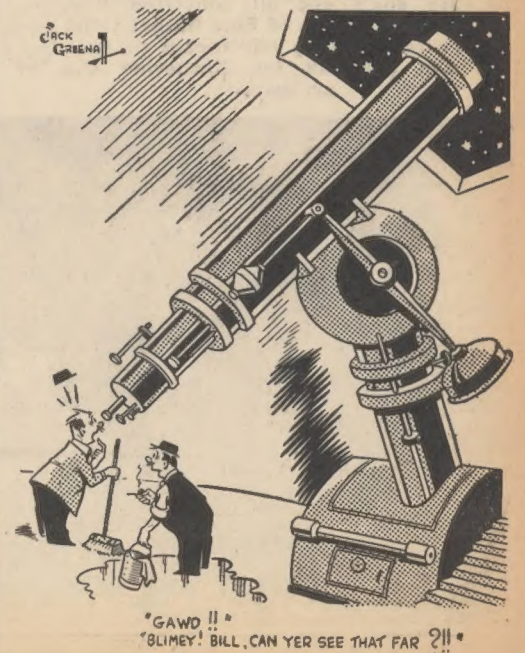
So completely had he proved himself a man, his exploits became an inspiration to poets. Books were printed about him, and for the next 18 years Jeff was back in Court, and made the most of his courting.

Retiring on a pension—and his laurels—at 40, he lived the quiet life of a country squire till he was 60. Then he went to seek adventure at Court again—and found it.

To the world it seemed that Sir Jeff had lost his touch, for he was soon implicated in the so-called Popish Plot of conspiracy against the Crown and flung into prison.

When he was released it seemed that his persecutors lacked sufficient evidence to pin anything on Jeff. Recently unearthed Court records prove that Jeff was receiving heavy payments from the King's secret service funds all the time he was in gaol.

You can see two Van Dyck portraits of Sir Jeffery Hudson hanging in Hampton Court; and his small-size waistcoat and satin pants are preserved in the Ashmolean Museum!



Good Morning



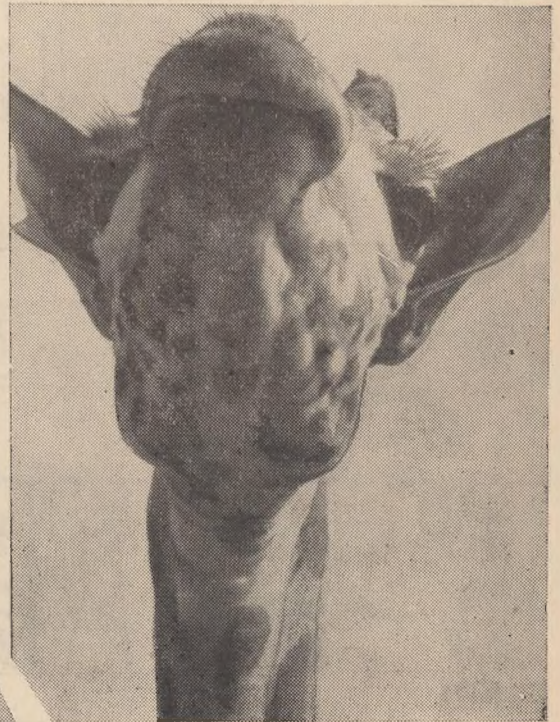
"Step on it, brother, or we'll be late for eats!"

This England

The view of the Thames from the Terrace, Richmond Hill, within ten miles from London, yet seemingly very far from the traffic's roar. "Good Morning" photographer Geo. Nixon took this lovely scene.



We never believe in spoilt kids, and here's Katherine, the children's favourite Llama of Maidstone Zoo, refusing to rejoin her pet sisters in the paddock, because she's got all conceited like. Well, Diana Read and Enid Basnet think otherwise; and by fair means or foul, it's the paddock for Katherine the arrogant.



"All right keeping your chin up, old chap, but really you HAVE a bit of a neck, you know."

"Gosh! it must be Leap Year. Here's one of Hollywood's star prospects, Donna Reed, with kid sister Lavone enjoying Southern California's sunshine. Seems that Spring is always in the air."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"That guy just can't get a short drink."

